

PASQUIN to the Queen's Statue at St. Paul's, during the Procession, Jan. 20. 1714.

Behold he comes to make thy People groan,
And with their Curses to ascend thy Throne ;
A Clod-pate, base, inhuman, jealous Fool,
The Jeſt of *E U R O P E*, and the Faction's Tool.
Heav'n never heard of ſuch a Right Divine,
Nor Earth e'er ſaw a Successor like thine :
For if in Sense or Politicks you fail'd,
Twas when his lousy long Succession you entail'd.
Let the ungrateful Wretch think what you've done,
For all his beggar'd Race, and Baſtard Son.
See his mock Daughter and her Offspring ſhine
In all those blazing Brilliants that were thine :
Drunk with incestuous Lust, the cunning Jilt
Pretends Religion to conceal her Guilt.
Kings cou'd not draw her from her Brother's Bed ;
Till he was slain, ſhe wou'd not yield to wed.
See how her Hen-peck'd Stripling ſtruts with Pride,
To *G—E* alone in little Sense ally'd :
With Head-piece fram'd miraculously thin,
All Brush without, and Emptiness within.
See his fantastick Air and foreign Mein,
His awkward Gesture, and affected Grin,
Which apish *Bullock* imitates in vain.

Had you great Queen ne'er broke the Nation's Laws,
And wrong'd your Brother, and your Brother's Cause :
Ne'er by the Hell-born Faction been dismay'd,
By Fools deluded, or by Knaves betray'd ;
B R—K a petty Prince had ſtill remain'd ;
By Mercenary Troops his Court maintain'd,
And over Slaves and *German* Boobies reign'd :
On Leeks and Garlick ſtill regal'd his Taste ;
In dirty Doulas Shirts and Fustian drefſt :
Been once a Month from Bugs and Lice made clean,
The only Free-born Subjects of his Reign.
Was it for this your Ashes are abus'd,
Your Servants libell'd, and the Peace accus'd.

You to the Church diſtributed your Store ;
Gave the Distress'd, the Innocent, and Poor :
But now your vast Revenue's all beſtow'd
On Punks at home, and Managers abroad.
Legions of Pimps, and Whores they ſcarce can ſcore,
Infest this Island and the Land devour ;
But his infatiate Brood ſtill gape for more :
More than for Native Kings was e'er decreed :
But Beggars hors'd will to the Devil ſpeed.
Pigburgh and *Kilmanceck* the modēt Toast,
Will ſoon have Pensions at the Nation's Cost,
Beyond what *Portland*, or what *Orkney* boast.

But ſince on knavish Models *G—E* is ſplit,
By *T—d* cully'd, and by *Ch—ll* bit ;
Take it from me that his Destruction's ſure,
Nor can his ill-got Monarchy endure :
For when known Villains at the Helm preſide,
And Kings againſt themselves with Faction ſide ;
When impious Rage againſt the Church they boast,
Her Sons oppreſs'd, the Conſtitution loſt ;
Then ſoon abandon'd by the Rabble Rout,
Despis'd and hiſſ'd, and trampled under Foot,
A King becomes a vile detested Name,
And quits his Life as well as Crown with Shame.

Be this that bold uſurping Upſtart's Fate,
Who on another's Throne would fain look Great :
Sworn to maintain, yet laughs at all the Laws,
And by Tyrannick Rule ſupports his Cause :
By Redcoats and by Arms enforcing Sway,
By hungry Bloodhounds, and by Birds of Prey.

He laid ; and ſtraiſt the curs'd Uſurper's Soul,
Like *Ætna* heav'd, his Eye-balls wildly rowl !
Such is his Rage, and ſo the Monster stares,
When the dread Ghost of *C—k* appears.
And *Mahomet* and *Mustapha* prepare
To ſtem by Force his Madneſs and Despair.